THE OPINION Published every Saturday,

BY BEN: P. STANTON. PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

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inshed at vil times, and at reasonable prices. Stage to and from Depot. Apply at Stable Office, rear of Trotter House.

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CHARITY LODGE, NO. 43. REGULAR
Communications on Wednesday of the
week in which the moon fulls. Mr. LEURNON
R. A. CHAPTER. Meetings on Tuesday
evening of the week in which the moon fulls.
BEADFORD COUNCIL, No. 11. Meetings at
Masonic Hall on Wednesday afternoon of the
week in which the moon fulls, in the months
of September, December, March and June.

Song of the Twentieth Century.

BY JEAN INGELOW. The city, he saith, is fairer far Than one which stood of old;

It gleams in the light all crimson bright With shifting glimmers of gold. Where be the homes my fathers built, The houses where they prayed ! I see in no sod the paths they tred, Nor the stones my fathers laid.

On the domes they spread, the roofs the reared, Has passed the levelling tide, My fathers lie low, and their sons outgro The bounds of their skill and pride. Shifting, sweeping, change, It plays with man's endeavor,

They carved those names grown And they said "Abide for ever." The city, I say, lieth far away Whereto no change may come It has rave of manifold crimson and gold.

But I cannot count their sum. They sigh no more by its happier shore Who wander, forboding not Of waning away of a changeful day, Or changing of life and lot.

They dream not there on earth changing Or mutable wind and sea-Thou art changeless, grant me a place,

In that far city with Thee! There record my name. Father! forget me never, For thy thought is still the same Yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

The Fairy of the Household.

Oh! who knoweth not our Mary, With her archly winning ways She's our darling household fairy, And a fairy's part she plays. Comes she softly, softly creeping, Taking us all quite unaware, While she's slyly, shyly peeping Close beside our easy chair. Hair so golden-brown and carly,

Clustering thickly round her head, Eyes so blue, and teeth so pearly, Lips and cheeks just tinged with red. Little feet so lightly tripping, Making music on the floor ; Little form so nimbly skipping

In and out the open door. Oft we hear our lovely Mary Called a bonny, witching sprite; Oft we bless our household fairy For her winsome presence bright Like a little birdis springing, Mid the leafy summer trees-

Like a little birdie singing. Unrestrained, in woodland case-So doth she, in sportive pleasure, Trill her tiny baby-soug. Listing to her simple measure Wakes a love se deep and strong For our graceful, warbling fairy,

Yet unconscious of her charm, That we tremble, fest our Mary Aught should know of sin or harm Earthly language ne'er expresses

Halt the tender thoughts that meet When we feel her warm caresses. And her baby kisses sweet. May we never blindly cherish One so trustful, young and fair; Every raident hope will perish If we train her not with care. Long may she be spared to cheer us Human tongue could ne'er reveal If she ceased to linger near us, All the grief that we should feel. Blessings on our darling Mary.

Sweet the sunshine of her smile; Blessings on our household fairy. Loving, simple, free from guile Ladies if you want a hat trimned up in style go to Mrs. C. H.

Curtis'. -Bead fringes, gimps, ornaments and buttons of any description at A FORTUNE SAVED.

BY MARY C. VAUGN.

The war was over, and Bela had ome home to me-that is, the shadowy wreck which answered to the name, and assumed the place in our home life that had been occupied by my handsome young husband.

I confess I sometimes, vaguely questioned if it were really he whom I saw moving about so uncertainly and stiffly, and heard speaking with the weak, cracked voice in which I ringing tones I had so loved to hear. His face was pale, with a deep scar across the brow, his hair was thin and faced, his form angular and weak, and swaying quite unbalanced by that useless sleeve that dangled limp where his good right arm had been.

"Oh, is it-is it Bela ?" I cried out, weakly, myself, when left alone. I could hardly believe that, or anything else. I doubted often if I were , so different I looked and felt from the rosy young girl who only three years before had stood up proudly beside that tall, handsome Bela Stone, in his smart blue uniform, with the shining buttons and the major's leaves upon the shoulders.

I had never had an anxious thought or a care till he went into the army. I have had many since, especially since our marriage.

He had a brief furlough, and some hindrances had brought it nearly to its expiration at our wedding day. So our bridal tour was army-ward. We had meant it for so much of a pleasure journey as might be won from those gloomy war times, but it proved far different.

We found my husband's regiment was already treading the path which led to active service, and none knew what peril; and our farewells were said the very next morning, while I was left to reach my home alone. He was gone to danger and suffering, and it was no part of my ideal life in these sad, stirring days to shrink from either. The half-abandoned post now held only hospitals and their sufficing guard, and I saw work for me-not pleasant, but worthy and satisfying-in those great wards where so much pai and misery gathered.

And thus it was that my brow, above which the bridal blossoms the couch of suffering.

I do not know how long I remained there in the hospitals. I cannot remember, and I never asked. One morning I seemed to wake sudden ly out of a long eclipse of life, a long, strange stagnation of faculties, through which a few vague and scattering thoughts had seemed to swim slowly and elusively.

I was in my own old bed and bye, he went on his way. familiar room at home. I tried to ginia fields and woodlands I had last seen.

hospitals. And my white, thin bands, and skeleton arms, my feeble listlessness-little by little I not- I listened for the expected footfall; ed these and built up the probable theory of their cause. And then, little by little, I learned all; and heard how, summoned by the tidings of my terrible illness, my mother had hastened to Virginia and I enforced patience for another hour. nursed me there through its most

dangerous phases. him helpless on the world.

It was while I lay in that long I carefully secured the fire, turned convalescence that I first saw him low the lamp, and wrapping my -a wan spectre of his former self shawl about me, stepped into the

upon himself.

which, in spite of all the changes along the dark, deserted streets. that had eccurred, he would be fitted. Bela, the younger,-a pale, quiet, little fellow-had come as a new claimant on his father's time and cares. He must not be idle; could trace no relation to the round, and yet what could a poor one armed soldier do, in the midst of the needed assurance that somethin strife and turmoil of business and

> He resolved at last to remove the Western town which became our place of residence, and to open there what I believe is called a Land-office. If he needed an appointment from the Government, he got it; but I knew little of details at the time, owing to my feeble health.

marks American life. 1

My mother feared that I would not be able to endure the fatigues before me, but the physician's prophme greatly was found to be true. With the new home and the new life, both my husband and 'myself' ning order," the other had her house settled and a household system in operation, we were astonished to find ourselves so well, so happy, so hopeful, and so charmed with all the surroundings of our new life.

I think we had been about a year the relation of which this little sketch has been written, took place.

It was a dark winter night; the the slow-falling winter-rain had filled them deep with mud, thick and bleeding mouth. tenacious as mortar. They were almest deserted, and nobody surely could be expected to venture out in them from any prompting save ne-

ed to return to the office for the evening.

"There'll not be a soul at the ofhad not yet faded, bent daily over fice the whole evening," I said. "We he had lain on the severed limb, have had few enough home-evenings together since we were married, and I think you might remain

with me now!" Bela demurred; he granted the unpropitiousness of the evening, but averred that, in his scheme of minor moralities, business always had precedence of pleasures; and so, laughing and bidding us good-

It seemed a very long evening. I rise from my pillow and take a look | was alone, for servants are a scarce about me; but it seemed easier for commodity in the West, and I kent me to lie still and listless, vaguely none. Little Bela lisped his goodwondering, but with faint unreal night early, and no neighbor braved thought; noting in the same half the inclement weather to come to indifferent way that the fields and me. Pleasant book nor sewing sufgardens were covered by snow, all ficed for me; the dreary hours unlike the greenness of those Vir- lengthened themselves and seemed made of countless minutes. I was restless and anxious, and could give Then it occurred to me that I had no cause for either. Never had the been ill. I seemed to remember a evenings, so many of which I had burning brain and aching head, and spent in cheerful quietude under something connected these with the precisely similar circumstances, seemed so long and lonely.

At last the clock struck nine, and vet moment after moment passed away, and he came not. An hour passed,-"He has met a friend," I said ; then, "they have gone to sup at the hotel, or the new restaurant."

The time wore slowly away, as I sat or paced the room in an increas-During this time, the army had ing uneasiness and alarm. Twelve been passing through the fiery jar o'clock tolled forth from the ebony and tumult, of the greatest and time-piece on the mantal. I could most decisive battles of the war. delay no longer, but I was torn by Many women had lost their nearest conflicting duties. How could I and dearest. Mine was spared to leave unprotected the house where me. But oh, so maimed and suffer. my innocent little one slept ? How ing, so feeble and wan! He had re- refrain from gaining some knowlcovered, had been home and left edge of the whereabouts of the dear again while I lay in that stupor of helpless husband who had never the faculties; and, dear fellow, they left me alone when it was possible said he sorrowed more-far more- to be with me? Every theory acfor me than for himself, and the loss counting for his absence was flung of that good right arm that threw to the winds. I no longer strove to think he was in safety.

-moving about my room, and cast dark wet street. As I turned the he threw me down, bound me, as ing those pitying glane upon me key in the lock, and sent up an un- you saw, and taking the key of the that he would have deemed wasted uttered prayer for the little uncon- safe from my pecket, helped himself scious innocent I was abandoning, to whatever he chose of its valu-In time he got his discharge and a fierce swell of wind swept round able contents. The result is, I am his pension, and began to think anx- the corner and pierced my wraps rained unless he can be found. Here iously and seriously upon the neces- with an icy chill. I waited no long- in this lighted room, on a public sity of seeking some occupation, for er, but with fleet footsteps I darted street, and in a building occupied

Winged by fear, the way was passed swiftly, and I soon stood in the principal street. No lights were visible save one, which as I advanced swiftly I saw burned dimly in my husband's office. I no longer was wrong. I hurried on, burst the hurry to be rich which ever recklessly into the dark passage, used by other tenants as well as my husband, and then, without a moment's pause, turned the lock and to meet this terrible misfortune. stepped into my husband's office.

Naturally timid, only the deadly fear that possessed me could have made me forget that I was perhaps rushing into undreamed-of-danger.

As I opened the door the wind rushed in, and the faint light flickered and died out. I had thrust matches in my pocket, upknowing ecy that the journey, the change, why, and a moment sufficed to reand the responsibilities would help kindle the light. As I did so, a faint moan-a strange sound like an animat in pain, struck my ear. A cold shudder of fear crept over me, but felt new strength, By the time the I finished lighting the kerosens one had established business and ar- lamp, and replacing the chimney ranged it in what he called "run- unbroken. It burned clear, and I gazed round tremblingly for the cause of the strange sound I had heard, and, as I did so, noticed the evident disorder of the room, the safe-door swinging open, and papers scattered on the floor. I seemed to notice without seeing them-to see in the West when the occurrence only my husband stretched pallid which I am about to relate and for and ghastly on the floor in the corner of the room.

"Oh, Bela! Bela!" was all I said, I think, but I knelt by his side and streets were not alone sloppy, but strove with the cords that bound him, with the gag thrust into his

> I removed that first, and bathed the death cold brow. In a moment I heard him murmur a word or two with great difficulty, but they dicould not lift him. He was large and tall, and the loss of his arm made him very helpless. Besides and had endured agonies, and his

strength was much exhausted. In my haste to call assistance I ran out to the dark hall, from which stairs rose to the second story, and, in my reckless flight, encountered a man who seemed to have crouched at their foot, I screamed, and the sound was heard, and followed by the sudden opening of doors above. The man rushed past me, and was lost in the darkness of the night

and the deserted streets. I went back and found Bela in great agitation, struggling to rise. "Has be gone? Why don't they try to catch him ?" were his agitated questions, and, God torgive me, I deemed him losing his senses from the fear and suffering he had uudergone.

Five minutes later the office was filled with men, he was raised to a seat, restoratives administered, and he was able to speak.

"Go after that man," he said wildly-"the robber, I mean. Did any one see which way he went ! I just saw him rush past the door," he continued by way of explanation, when he saw that he was not understood. In a moment half-a-dozen men started in pursuit.

Then we gathered and secured the papers and locked the safe and office. Thousands of dollars were the face. He said little, but I knew. the agitation would be too much for took us home, and friendly neighbors volunteered to take care of the place, and conduct the pursuit.

"There was but one man," Bela said : "he came in about nine o'clock and began to talk of a land claim, and when I told him to come in the go. I got up to set things to rights or in the laps of passengers." before leaving, when, as my back was toward him, he rushed suddenly upon me, and thrust this gag into my mouth before I had time to ery out, I defended myself as well as I could, with my left hand, when | O. H. Curtis'.

by many tenants, it was all done so silently as to arouse no attention. When he had finished, he turned down the light and went out, carefully closing the door. I hardly think I should have lived till morn-

ing-I owe my life to my dear wife." We found our home safe, and little Bela sleeping soundly; and we tried to sleep ourselves, but in vain. Bela was suffering in body and frantic with anxiety. We knew not how

I rose before the dawn, which came late this lowering wintry morning. I was very sad, but my duties demanded attention all the same as if I was perfectly happy.

The light glanced and glimmered from the windows as I moved about and soon I was surprised at the quick, loud ringing of the bell.

"I hope they have caught him," cried aloud as I hastened toward the door, prepared to hear the report of some neighbor.

But nothing was to be seen; and after looking around I was turning away, wondering and disappointed, when my foot touched a package that lay on the threshold. I picked it up and carried it within to examine it by the lamp. It was a small square package, neatly folded in brown paper, and addressed to me. I opened it curiously, wondering, but not guessing what it contained.

Numerous wraps were laid aside and then came a large, flat portfolio or bill case; then a goodly pile of green-backs, papered and labelled with the amount. I gave a shrill scream of surprise at the sight of these, and dropped on the floor, weak, but not faint, and there Bela found me when he rushed down stairs at the sound.

There lay the heaped-up papers, the Treasury notes, the bill case, rected my attention to his pockets, and sundry slips of white paper, This I represented to Bela as he in which I presently found a knife, written things that had a name and farmer, becomes also a better man? rose from the tea-table and prepar- with which I severed the cords. I value, though I can not rightly ex- This the labor; this the reward. plain it.

And Bela cried with a loud, bearse voice, "Our fortune has come back !" and sank on a chair beside me. Every dollar taken from his safe was there, and we were saved.

One little note, addressed to me, lay among the papers, and, in a cramped, shaky hand was written: "Mapan .- I want money, and could rob a han, even if he were a soldier like me; but can't rob the weman who saved my life in nospital at ---. I saw you when you came after your husband; and here is my plunder. Tell him he owes this good luck to you; and he might just as well give up trying to eatel me for he can't do it."

Well, it was true. We got all the money, and we did not catch the robber. I had never been sorry for having well nigh giving my life for the soldiers. I was less so than ever when I read that note and saw the saved fort ne on the table.

A MAN on Long Island, famous for his hogs, was asked what was the secret of his success. He answered: "I always choose a goodnatured pig. Those that when they eat are constantly running from one trough to another, and knocking their snouts against the next pig, I sell to my neighbors, who don't know better than to buy such troublesome animals, while my content ed pigs get fat."

WHY is not this a good thing, worthy of imitation by all railroad companies? The Pennsylvania R. R. Co. as adopted a rule that "passenger conductors must seat pasmissing, and Bela looked ruin in sengers and see to their comfort and Doubtless there are women whose enjoyment as much as possible.-Baggage agents and masters must color and occupation, that they are him. A carriage was procured and handle baggage carefully. News glad to have the monotony broken boys on trains will not be permitted in upon by even the dreary gossip to individually importune or annoy of a morning call, but let us hepe ing four times in each car, the arti- few. cles offered for sale; nor will they be permitted to deposit their papers, morning, turned to the door as if to books, etc., on the seats of the cars ing, that instant they begin to feel

> -Lower prices can not be found than at Mrs. C. H. Curtis'. -Ladies' and children's Balmoral

The Young Man and the Farm

The following extract from a recent address by Prof. Wickson, of Utica, is noteworthy: "With the advance of farming as

science will come a better epinion of the farmer's position among men. Every year intelligence and true success are winning wider recognition in social circles. Among old pinions which must vanish is the popular view that a farmer is outside the line of social and political advancement. This opinion, although it has been widely hald, has always been a fallacy, a mistake of narrow minds. The young men are blinded by it. They have left farms because this cross-eyed view of life has been forced upon them by foolish people. They have been persuaded that desertion of the farm was an entrance to glery. How great an error this has been. All history gives the lie to such bellef. A man upon a farm is not 'eut of the world,' as some would think. How far an occasion can reach to grasp its hero, I do not know. But I believe that when the saving of his country demanded the strong arm of Ciucinnatus, he was just as near, when behind his plow, as though a graduated farmer, he had been sporting purpled robes in the forum. Aud I believe that when the old Continentals of New Eugland called their leader, Putnam heard their call just as distinctly upon his farm as though he had been serving for twenty years behind a counter in Hartford. I do not believe that a man is 'buried upon a farm.' It seems to me all history teaches us that the promptings to duty and the call to greatness are no louder in crowded thoroughfares than in country lanes

fringed with daisies. "The young man and the farm; on the one hand a duty, on the other an opportunity; here an obligation, there a way to discharge it. And in thinking of the duty of the young man, is it not encouraging that he need not leave the industry where he finds it, and that he himself, as he fits himself for the better The better the man the more noble his calling. The young men can make agriculture what they will; it offers full returns for their best offorts. The country peeds better men, and the best men will be honored in its service. The best man in the end will win, and he will reach the reward for his excellence -it matters not whether, departing, he puts up the bars behind him, or whether he come from marble doorstep. The youth may become a man upon a farm if he will. He cannot do more elsewhere."

MAKING CALLS. Is there any necesity for women to spend so much time making, and receiving senseless calls ? In the very large cities, and in really good society, the nulsance has all been prowded into one day of a week, when between such and such hours it is understood Mrs. and Miss so and so are at home, and ready to receive any and all who may favor them with a visit.

But there are smaller towns and cities where the matter is not se well regulated, and there are many ladies in the larger ones who are less able to guard themselves from intrusion, and are not only obliged to sacrifice much valuable time, but many domestic interests, to politeness which becomes a bore, and to rapid talk upon common-place sublects. The social element in our lives is essential to health and happiness, but why not make it take some more sensible form than this? lives are so absolutely destitute of passengers, but may announce in a for the honor of the sex that the low voice, at intervals not exceed- numbers of these women are very

The moment that women have a purpose, an object, a motive for livhow wicked is the useless waste of time, and as in future they may be expected to take a more active part in public, as well as in private duties, we may expect the custom, of hose, also gloves of all kinds at Mrs. making calls to gradually die out. Demovest's Monthly.